

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME VI.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY KY., NOVEMBER 21, 1884

NUMBER 94

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
MORNING BY

MEACHAM & WILGUS.
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year, strictly cash in advance \$2.00
One copy, six months \$1.00
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THE KENTUCKY OFFICES.

List of the Past Government Positions to Be Distributed Under a Change of Party—What They Pay and How to Apply for Them.

[Louisville Commercial.]
The number of Government offices in Kentucky to be distributed to Democrats in the event of Mr. Cleveland's administration, is an authentic problem of great interest at the present time when so many faithful party workers are preparing applications for appointments. The only means of discussing all the appointive offices is by reference to the Congressional "Blue Book," the last issue of which was in 1877. Since then there have been a number of changes in Government service to correspond with the mutations of business. For instance, the number of Presidential postoffices, those paying more than \$1,000 annually, has been about doubled, while the number of gaugers, store-keepers and deputy collectors employed in the Internal Revenue Service has been reduced, owing to the falling off in the manufacture of whisky. Altogether the number of paying offices in Kentucky—that is those whose emoluments are above \$1,000 per year, will not run above 250, while the number of offices which pay from \$100 to \$1,000 per year will not be far from 750. The Commercial has been at some trouble to collect statistics on these points, which are given below.

The civil service law applies to only one Government establishment in Kentucky, and that is the Louisville Post office. None of the clerks, carriers or assistants can be removed without cause and no appointments can be made, the candidates having to undergo a competitive examination which excludes political qualification and which opens the Post-office to all people alike. The Internal Revenue staff of gaugers and store-keepers, and in fact all the other Government positions are open to the party, however, and the following list classifies them as nearly as possible, with the salaries and fees attached.

THE FAT PICKINGS.

United States Pension Agent at Louisville may make fees amounting to \$4,000 and is allowed 25 cents for each voucher paid. He is required to employ his own clerks, and the office is said to be worth about \$4,000 per year.

Surveyor of the Port at Louisville, salary \$350 and fees amounting to about \$1,000 a year. He has nine clerks, whose salaries are respectively: \$1,000, \$1,200, \$1,000, \$1,000, \$547, \$720, \$600, \$450 and \$300.

United States District Attorney, salary \$200 and fees, the office worth about \$5,000 per year.

Assistant United States District Attorney, the office now held with such pleasing grace by Col. George Daltelle, salary \$2,000.

United States Marshal, salary \$200 and fees, worth about \$5,000 per year.

Supervising Inspector of Steamboats, salary \$3,000.

Inspector of Steamboat Halls, salary \$2,000.

Inspector of Steamboat Boilers, salary \$2,000.

These are the principal offices held in the Custom house in Louisville. Of course there can be no monkeying with the United States District Judgeship, which Judge Barr holds for life, and none with the clerkship, which is bestowed by Judge Barr upon whom he pleases, and Sam Crall pleases him at present.

INTERNAL REVENUE SOFT SNAPS.

Collector Louisville district, salary \$4,500, and ten deputy collectors, salaries at \$1,800, \$2,000, \$1,800, \$1,400, \$1,400, \$950, \$900, \$1,150, \$1,150. Six of these are stationed at Louisville, one each at New Castle, New Liberty, Cox Creek and Lebanon.

Collector Owensboro district, salary \$4,500 and seven deputy collectors, as follows: Owensboro salary \$1,400; Paducah, \$650; Mayfield, \$1,400; Henderson, \$1,400; Hartford, \$1,300; Bowling Green, \$1,150; Dicksburg, \$1,150.

Collector Covington district salary \$4,500, and nine deputies, as follows: Four at Covington, two at \$1,900 each, one at \$1,700, one at \$1,500; Mayville two, at \$1,500 each; Cynthiana, \$1,280; Mt. Sterling, \$1,000; West Liberty, \$1,000.

Collector Lexington district, salary \$4,500 and five deputies, two at Lexington at \$1,400, and one each at Harrodsburg, Stanford and Danville, \$100.

Collector Lancaster district, salary \$3,125, and five deputies, three at Lancaster, two at \$1,500 and one at \$900; Richmond, \$1,200; Somerset, \$300.

Besides these are the following minor offices in the revenue service in the State:

Seventy-five gaugers, at fees amounting to \$4 per day.

One hundred and sixty-three store-keepers receiving from \$2 to \$4 per day.

One hundred and forty-nine store-keepers and gaugers, receiving about \$4 per day.

THE YUM YUM POSTOFFICES.

Following are the Presidential postoffices in the State and the salaries attached:

Ashland, \$1,500	Lexington, \$2,700
Bowling Green, \$1,800	Louisville, \$4,500
Cattletown, \$1,400	Madisonville, \$1,000
Covington, \$2,000	Mayfield, \$1,400
Cynthiana, \$1,500	Mayville, \$1,500
Danville, \$1,000	Mt. Sterling, \$1,500
Elizabethtown, \$1,400	Newport, \$2,000
Franklin, \$1,500	Owensboro, \$2,100
Georgetown, \$1,000	Paducah, \$2,100
Glasgow, \$1,000	Paris, \$1,500
Harrodsburg, \$1,400	Richmond, \$1,500
Henderson, \$1,400	Russellville, \$1,500
Hickman, \$1,100	Shelbyville, \$1,500
Hopkinsville, \$1,500	Stanford, \$1,300
Lancaster, \$1,100	Vandalia, \$1,400
Lebanon, \$1,500	Winchester, \$1,500

There are thirty-eight clerkships in the State postoffices outside of Louisville, paying from \$100 to \$510. The best is at Paducah, paying \$1,000.

MICELANEOUS OFFICES.

Commissioner of Internal Revenue, now a Kentucky office paying \$6,000. Ninety-one United States Commissioners in the State paying small fees, and but few worth the having, except for cigars, money and drinks.

Superintendent National Cemetery at Camp Nelson, salary \$300. Those desiring to be appointed to any of the offices in this list must send their applications as follows:

For the Department heads at Louisville, address Hon. Henry Watterson, Louisville.

For Revenue service, address Mr. J. Seldon Miller, Louisville, Ky.

For Postoffice appointments, address Mr. John G. Reach, Chairman Democratic Executive Committee, Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Cleveland has authorized these gentlemen to receive all applications, file them alphabetically with the proper endorsements and have them at Washington ten days after his inauguration in March next.

Dr. Samuel Hodge's Sarsaparilla and potash is a sure cure for rheumatism, scrofula, scald head or tetter, chronic sores of all kind or any disease arising from impurity of the blood. You can get a trial bottle at J. R. Armstrong, G. E. Gaither's or Gish & Garner's.

POLITICAL POINTS.

"The cackling of geese saved Rome. A few glasses of wine and brandy lost the American colonies to Great Britain. A lamp upset by a cow nearly destroyed the city of Chicago. A housewife in one of the battles of the rebellion saved the Federal Army from a disastrous defeat. Three words uttered by a fool elected Grover Cleveland President of the United States."—New York Sun.

Within less than a year from this date the false pretenders to purity, the fanatical politicians of prohibition, the fanatical performers of the civil service spectacular entertainment styled reform, and the devotees of theoretical economies, will be sick and ashamed.

And after four years the Republicans, reinforced by the experience and the growth of the country, will return to the fullness of power, to stay—for one Democratic President will be a warning to his generation.—Commercial Gazette.

Wherewith Shall We Be Excited?

The President is elected and he is a Democrat. The kazoo and the tin horn have strutted their brief and noisy hour upon the stage, and been laid away in camphor and cedar for the next campaign. The walking-match of the fair dancers closes out at 12 o'clock to-night.

The theaters, which we have always with us, are expected as so much a matter of course that they are not to be counted in the list of excitements.

Mr. Sherley's latest book has lost the charm of novelty; the dust of neglect covers its aesthetic outside, while the gloom of eternal darkness settles upon its "Inner Sisterhood."

The skating rink is full of variety and vexation of spirit to the uninitiated, and cannot be viewed as a benefaction by the public at large.

Old and young are so unlike that while gathering frosted leaves brings the richest delight to the latter class it promises only neuralgia and a rich rheumatic experience to the former.

Maud S. has cut her record down to a limit smaller than Ben. Butler's vote in Kentucky, and like Nebuchadnezzar, has gone to grass until the springtime comes again, gentle Annie.

Even drummers, gentle missionaries of trade, dispensers of the richest and rarest jokes, disseminators of sweetness and light, are about to leave us, the very thought of which casts a gloom over the entire community.

It is too cold to go a' fishing; too warm to shoot rabbits; the partridges have all been murdered by the pot-hunters, and nobody has any use for coons since the late election.

There doesn't seem to be anything left for us but to offer a reward for the invention of a new excitement, which be at once utilized. Please and specifications therefore will be received at this office until the date when the official announcement of the vote of New York is made. Republicans barred.—Louisville Times.

That Sums it Up.

We could use all sorts of extravagant words about the effects of Parker's Hair Balsam. But the simple truth is enough. It is the best thing of its kind. Cures falling hair, dandruff, dryness, restores original color, is a delicious dressing and perfectly pure and clean. It will satisfy you. The only standard 50c. dressing, 93 21

The Curious Nine.

The figure 9 seems in this year 1884 to be the lucky Presidential number. Cleveland has 9 letters and Hendricks has 9. Grover and Thomas have each 6, which are only 9's turned upside down. Now for the 9's: 9 times 9 are 81 and 8 and 1 are 9. Take Grover with 6 letters and Thomas with 6 letters, and 6 times 6 are 36, and 3 and 6 are 9. Grover has 6 letters and Cleveland 9, and 6 times 9 are 54, and 5 and 4 are 9. Thomas has 6 letters and Hendricks has 9, and 6 times 9 are 54, and 5 and 4 are 9. Grover has 6 letters and Cleveland 9, and 6 times 9 are 54, and 5 and 4 are 9. Thomas has 6 letters and Hendricks has 9, and 6 times 9 are 54, and 5 and 4 are 9. Grover has 6 letters and Cleveland 9, and 6 times 9 are 54, and 5 and 4 are 9. Thomas has 6 letters and Hendricks has 9, and 6 times 9 are 54, and 5 and 4 are 9.

Here it is regarded as settled that Gov. Cleveland is the next President, and already the gossips are busy with conjectures as to who will be the lady of the White House. There is a well defined belief among his friends that there is a young lady in Western New York who will soon be led to the altar by the President-elect. Others who have known him long and well say that he will never marry, and that this talk simply comes of the fact that he has shown this young woman some slight attention since he was elected Governor. Early in life his hopes and ambitions for a wife were crushed by the hand of death, and his affection for the lost one has kept him treading the white path of life alone. If the reports that he is to marry are not true, then his own immediate family will furnish a lady to do the social honors of his administration.

It is generally believed by those who know him best that there will be less festivities during his term of office than there have been for many years past. He has been a hard-working Governor and will probably continue his industrious habits as President, Bachelor as he is, the White House will, however, have a creditable mistress. There are four ladies in his immediate family, either of whom can well do the honors of the household. His eldest sister in this country, Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, of Fayetteville, would fill any position with credit. She is a middle-aged lady, of pleasing address, who has spent a good deal of time at the Executive Mansion here since her brother has been Governor. She has made many friends here in the capital of the State and will doubtless do the same in Washington, where she will probably go the 4th of next March. Miss R. E. Cleveland is the maiden sister. She still resides in the little home cottage at Holland Patent, just above Utica. A good public speaker, a good conversationalist and generally a plain woman of intellectual force, she would do her share in entertaining her brother's guests at the national capital. Mr. Cleveland has a sister who for twenty years has been a missionary at Ceylon. She has two charming young lady daughters, Mary and Carrie Hastings, whom the Governor has been for years educating in this country. He has given them every advantage and they have improved them. They will no doubt be a part of their uncle's family circle at Washington, as they have been at times here.

With Mrs. Hoyt, or any one of the three other ladies spoken of, the social end of the first Democratic administration for a quarter of a century will be well sustained, even should the President-elect continue a bachelor.

Cleveland's electoral vote, 219, shows the 9 again, and his excess of majority is 18, or two more 9's, besides 1 and 8 are 9.

The Cleveland and Hendricks 9 evidently have Blaine and Logan in the 9 hole, and the Capital turns it over to the enliven for further development.—Capit 1.

Such Is Life.

[BY A LITTLE GIRL FOURTEEN YEARS OLD.]

Life with many is a long, and dreary wild, with scarcely a ray of light to guide their wandering feet. When one is on the threshold of man or womanhood, life seems as pleasant as a summer's day, but then as they wander further on, and let their thoughts drift through the past, how few really are the pleasures they have had? But life in most cases is what we make it. We should not, when just beginning the journey of life, think it a pathway strewn with flowers, for there are many sorrows like thorns hidden from the human eye, only to be brought to light by experience, and perhaps how sorrowful that experience may be gained.

There is but one Being alone that watches when no other creature is near, and when all is one dreary wild, with mountains of trouble and sorrow rising around us, and no star of hope is shining brightly in the distance for us.

Childhood is the happiest period of life; for then all things are bright and joyous.

Flowers bloom for all, and there is scarcely a cloud to shade for our moment's pleasures.

When boyhood is reached sorrow like thorns are hidden by rose leaves. He thinks of his friends, and of the many happy days they have spent under childhood's happy skies.

Friends of his boyhood are the truest, and they cling together like ivy on an old church tower.

Then manhood comes, and with it all the stern realities of life, and there is scarcely a rest on the hurried voyage.

Nothing of the past is left but memory, whose dim shadows visit one like a dream, causing us to live again those happy days.

We can hear the joyous laughter ringing, but the echo is gone, forever gone! gone forever!

Then old age comes, and gray hairs tell the tale of trouble on manhood's weary voyage; a head over which the snows of many winters have fallen, leaving nothing but joy and sorrow equally commingled, and his only hope rests in heaven.

Death comes and lays his icy fingers on his victim, hurrying him on to eternity, and never for one moment does he relax his grasp.

Death gives no time for parting with friends of childhood, manhood or old age.

The poor old form is laid to rest, perhaps, in some lowly church-yard, where flowers will be planted by some loving hand, or perhaps, it will be laid in a potter's field, with nothing but a head-piece of wood to mark the unkempt grave.

Friends will soon forget you, and

feel go on as smoothly as if death would never come again.

The places you loved to visit will be filled by heartless beings who have no thought of the poor old form now turning to dust.

Your place in your friends' hearts will be filled by some one else.

In most cases, the ties of friendship are not sufficiently strong to bear long separation; and such is life.

"PANSY."

The Next Lady of the White House.

[Albany Special to the Philadelphia Times.]

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One More Honest Man.

[London State Journal.]

When the conductor had passed through the front part of the smoker to the Denver train, as it pulled out of Crele yesterday afternoon, he was called back by a tired-looking man with a faded terra cotta mustache.

"Do you see any check in my hat-band?" he asked.

The conductor looked, and confessed he did not.

Do you remember collecting any fee from me?"

"No, I guess I skipped you; gimme your ticket."

"Now, I suppose," said the tired man, "that most men would have let you go when you didn't notice 'em?"

"Yes; can't you find your ticket?"

"But I don't believe in letting a man suffer for a mistake, even if it is his own."

"Want to pay in cash? How far are you going?" asked the conductor, filling out a drawback.

"There are a great many people," continued the terra cotta mustache, "who think that it is all right to beat a railroad corporation, but I'm not one of them. My conscience wouldn't have let me rest a minute if I had let you go by."

"Fare to Lincoln, fifty cents," said the conductor, with signs of impatience.

"No, I couldn't go to sleep at night if I had something that belonged to somebody else. I couldn't do it."

He dropped a tear, and reaching down into his vest pocket, drew forth a worn and soiled annual pass. He was an editor, but the conductor was a new man and had not seen him before. He made some remarks that left a blue streak behind them as they ran along over the heads of the passengers, and returning the document, passed on through the car.

The Court of Appeals has decided that Neal, the Ashland murderer, must hang.

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CHAS. McKEE & CO., Props.,
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Call around and see us at Cowan & Huggins' old stand, under Sot m Kentuckian Office, Nashville Street.
Jan. 18-84-17.

[Albany Special to the Philadelphia Times.]

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NASHVILLE STREET.
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

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DEAD LEAVES.

By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

A week ago—how beautiful! To-day—how bare they lay! The glory of the forest faded—Like splendor from the sky. I trample on the falling leaves That yesterday, like gems, Flashed brightness on my wondering eyes, From countless diadems.

"They answer my headless feet With crispness in their tone!" "Tread lightly for the beauty's sake! These things are here known; We were but shadows when we grew! In crimson, of thy pride; We still are shadows of thy fall, And just before it glides!"

I would that withered leaves were fair, That I might stoop to tread Their dying verdure in the dust, With which my boy's feet had trod; For when, in crimson and in gold, My ripened joys shall fade, The brief, bright beauty of the leaves Is theirs to bring the same!

PRESENCE OF MIND.

I have always been celebrated for my presence of mind in emergencies. Grandfather used to say that he never had a girl who was not afraid of a mouse or a spider, and how mother's daughter ever came to be so brave he couldn't guess. That was before I married, and, of course, I have not become timid with advancing years.

I am Mrs. Jasper Jackman; my husband is, of course, Mr. Jackman, and our place is known as Jackman's Nook. Nook, indeed! If there was a corner to the world, I should fancy it was put away in that, for it is the most out-of-the-way habitation that ever existed. It is, indeed, you can't see it until you are within fifty feet of it, for the trees and the noisy rucks.

"So romantic!" people say. I call it miserably lonesome.

Now, you know I'm not the least bit nervous, but, having lived with father and mother and the rest all my life, I did not enjoy being shut up all alone like a—well, a hyena in a menagerie, while Mr. Jackman attended to business in town; and I often thought if house-breakers were to make an attack upon the house, what should I do, a poor little woman, with no one to call upon? For I count Bridget as a great cipher in every occasion of life that does not involve soup-sauces.

I told Jasper that absolutely, if I had known what a place Jackman's Nook was, I was not sure but that I should have thought twice before refusing old Dr. Mulligan, whose palatial residence is on Fifth Avenue, New York city, as, of course, everybody knows.

However, after you have once said "yes" to the gentleman who "pops" the question to you, you may say "no" over after to all other questions, for all he cares, for he'll have his own way always.

Mother-in-law Jackman having made Jasper promise that I must live always at the Nook was considered unanswerable; and, after all, what could we do? No one would hire or buy the place, and we had it on our hands. Of course we lived there. I always knew that doing so would be the cause of my showing the presence of mind for which I am celebrated in my own family—if nowhere else. And so it came to pass.

One stormy night in November, in the year 1861—it was the 4th, I think, for baby was just 1 year old on the 1st, and there was some of the cake I had made for his "dressed little birthday" still left in the pantry, and a cake of that size certainly never would last longer than that in our house. It was he most unpleasant day I ever remember to have lived through. The ground was soaked. The bare branches looked like so many skeletons, and the sky was the color of Bridget's tin pans were when I first got down stairs this time last year.

In the city it would have been some fun to sit in the window and watch the folks go past, looking like so many drowned rats, but at the Nook (I should think it was a no-let there was nothing to be seen—absolutely nothing.

I had not a book which I had not read, and the newspaper was out, for Bridget's objection to bringing the same from the city, and I had finished all my books.

I spent my time as best I could; but how I did wish that the regiment which was encamped about half a mile away was near enough for me to watch them drill—if they do drill in such weather. I'd thought them too near before on account of Bridget, whom I have caught a score of times talking to men in blue jackets at the gate, and wished them off to the sent of war, or anywhere else, over and over again; but that afternoon what a relief they would have been!

I was the more lonely that Jasper had said that morning, "My dear, if it rains as it does now to-night, I shan't come home, but will stay at your father's."

And how could I blame him in such weather? Yet it was dreadfully lonesome. If you are sociable with your servants they always presume upon it, and I do so love to talk.

Of course I watched the clouds with interest. If it should prove fair at last, Jasper would come home, and if it rained he wouldn't.

Every now and then there would be a pretense of clearing off, and I began to hope for a pleasant sunset; but it was always a false pretense, and at ten-time it poured as though there were going to be a second flood.

Biddy asked me, as it was so near the Hudson, whether it wasn't likely to be a-risin', and whether in that case "we wouldn't be drowned?" And I said "Yes." It was too bad, I know, but it was really some amusement on such a day to frighten the stupid girl.

I had my tea alone—and I do hate to have tea alone if any woman in the world hates it—and then I put baby to sleep in her cradle in the sitting-room, and took my knitting, and was as comfortable as I could be under the circumstances, when I bethought me of the morning's paper. I called Biddy to bring it to me, and she came to me at once.

"It's well thought of, missus," she said, as she laid it in my lap. "It's yourself will be interested with the raid-in'. There's accounts of the house-breakin' in it."

"Of what?" I ejaculated; and, though I assure you I'm not the least nervous, my heart was in my mouth for a moment.

"Of the house-breakin', mum, and how the thieves in the wurdell got into Mither Dinsmore's house, that's situated the same as this, neighboring nobody, and tuck all they could lay their hands on, to say nothin' of half murderin' the old gentleman. The saints be above us this night—"

There it was, sure enough, headed, "A bold and outrageous attack upon the residence of Mr. Dinsmore." I read it through, and then I said to myself:

"Jerusha Jackman, remember your presence of mind. Don't let it fail you in cases of emergency. Should a house-breaker take advantage of your solitude, let him find you prepared." It was as though some invisible what's-his-name had addressed me from the chimney. I answered, "I will!" and you can't imagine how bold I grew at once. I remembered all that I should do in case Biddy came to me in the night, saying, "Missus, there's some one in the cellar!"

all I should do if I found anybody in the wardrobe when I retired, and I had the satisfaction of feeling that I was prepared. I might wake up to find the spoons gone—I might be murdered in my bed; but it would be unwise, and they would inscribe upon my tombstone the words, "She showed her presence of mind to the last." I felt quite satisfied and happy, though I was certainly—yes, morally certain—that something remarkable would happen before morning; that I should be, as it were, weighed in the balance and not found wanting before the sun arose. I did not feel like retiring early, and sat by the fire till the clock struck 11. Then, just as the last stroke died away, Biddy came down from her bedroom like a red-dressed ghost, with eyes and mouth wide open, and something of importance evidently on her mind. I put baby down in her cradle and arose, drawing myself up to my full height, and feeling that I was the only one to be depended upon in this awful emergency.

"Bridget," said I, "how many are they? Is it one or more?"

"Mum?" said Bridget.

"The thieves, I mean," said I.

"Oh, it isn't thieves, mum," said Biddy. "It's only that that of a wind that's took the roof clean off the chicken-house, and there's the two big chickens a-starvin' to death wid cowl."

"And in this dreadful rain, too," said I.

"It's cleared off fine," said Biddy. "and the moon's up."

So it actually was, and I began to feel very brave.

"We must go out and put them in the wood-house," said I. And so saying, I tucked baby up in her blankets, and, wrapping a shawl over my head, went out into the night air. It had grown very cold, but it was clear, as Biddy had said, and we paddled round in the mud catching the poor little chickens. We had them all at last except one, and we heard its little voice—swee, swee, swee—somewhere, and, of course, could not be so heartless as to forsake it. And at last there it was, tangled up in some dead vines, and as cold as a lump of ice. By the time we gave it to its mother, who was very glad to see it, the clock struck 12. Baby had been alone three-quarters of an hour.

"Muzzer's darling! sound asleep yet?" I said, as I went to the cradle. Merciful powers! I shall never forget that moment! Baby was not there!

In a moment the truth flashed on my mind. House-breakers had entered the dwelling in our absence, and stolen my treasure. Perhaps they were in the house yet, or some of them. I felt the strength of a tigress, and, leaving Biddy howling in the dining-room, rushed up stairs.

Sure enough, there was a light in my bedroom, and I peeped in. The moment I did so I felt I was powerless. The robber who had stolen my baby was there, and the terribly muddy boots of another were sticking from under the bed; and, oh, horrors! another had got into it, and had hidden, as he imagined, under the quilts.

On my presence of mind depended the recovery of my child and my own life. In a moment the plan flashed upon me. There was but one door to the room, and the windows were high and barred, for I had contemplated the time when baby should be large enough to climb up and lean out. Noiselessly and suddenly I drew that door to and locked it on the outside; then, with the key in my hand, and trembling like an aspen leaf, I stole down stairs and cried to Bridget, "I've locked them in; they shall give my baby back; come with me!" and away I went across the garden and down the road to the first house.

"What was Mr. Mulligan's Tavern," a very

low place, indeed, shunned by all respectable folk; but I knew there were always men there who were afraid of nobody. The greatest brutes would not refuse aid to a woman at such a time.

As we came near I saw a light in one of the windows, and heard voices and loud laughter. It was no time for ceremony, so I burst the door open and ran in. There were four men playing cards, and old Mr. Mulligan behind the bar. "O! please excuse me," I cried; "but to come right away. There are house-breakers in my house, and they've stolen my baby."

"Stole the baby?" cried old Mr. Mulligan.

"O, do come!" I implored.

"Go, Pat," said the old woman "never mind the game. It's Missus Jackman; more betoken she's the next neighbor to us. Take yer pistols, an' away wid ye, boys. An', missus, just ask a drop of screechin' hot whisky to take the life in ye."

Of course I refused the latter offer, but in a moment the men were on their feet, and I felt like blessing them—those half-savage creatures who had become my protectors.

I don't know how we got to the house or up-stairs. I remember an awful tumult, a smell of gunpowder, and then a loud laugh.

"It's thrue, boys!" said old Mulligan's voice. "I know Mither Jackman, an' it's himself. It's a great mistake—that's all."

A singular mistake to enter a man's house, and endeavor to shoot him in his own bed! said a voice I knew to be my husband's; and at that I rushed into the room.

He was there, and so was baby, for he held her in his arms; and there, also, was Mulligan and his friends and their pistols, and half the furniture was broken and the stove upset. But as for the house-breakers, they—I began to see the truth. Mr. Mulligan was backing out.

"I'll have Mrs. Jackman to explain," he said. "An' I'm proud I didn't kill ye, though it's out of friendship I'd have done it; for if your own wife took ye for a house-breaker how would I know better? The top o' the night till ye, an' I'll have the lady to explain."

Ah! I did really wish that the ground would open and swallow me. You see, my husband had come home while we were hunting up the chickens, and, finding baby wide awake, had taken her up to bed, and gone to sleep. And the robber under the bed was his muddy boots, with, of course, no feet in them; and well there were none, for they were riddled with bullet holes. Mr. Mulligan had fired at them, fortunately. When I thought of the awful danger Jasper and the baby had been in, I went into strong hysterics at once, and frightened Jasper so that he was glad to forgive me when I came to myself. It was a terrible mistake, and might have ended seriously, of course; but I will say, now and always, that it was Jasper's fault, and that if he had been a house-breaker we might all have been thankful for my great presence of mind.

Files, Files, Files.

Can be entirely cured by the use of Ethiopian Pile Ointment. For sale by J. R. Armistead, Gish & Garner, and G. E. Gaither. Try a bottle. If

A FRENCH YARN ABOUT THE UNITED STATES.

In a murder trial in the States-United a witness is giving his testimony as to the hour of arrival and departure of steamers on which the criminal is believed to have traveled.

"Your Honor," asks one of the jurors, "I desire to ask the witness some questions."

"Very well," says the Judge; "proceed, sir."

"At what time did you say the boat left Chicago for Milwaukee?"

"At 7 o'clock in the evening."

"Sharp? Remember you are upon your oath, now."

"S'arp?"

"And you have snapper on board?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it—by virtue of the oath you have just taken—a good square meal?"

"Well, it is pretty fair, as meals go."

"No evasive answer, sir. Your Honor, I desire that the witness be instructed to reply to my questions in a positive and straightforward manner."

"But," says the court, "while I have every desire to elicit the truth, I do not precisely see what bearing the question you have asked have."

"It is very important that I should ascertain the truth on this subject, your Honor," says the juror.

"Why?"

"Because I am going to Chicago myself next week, and I think of taking a return ticket by lake."

Oh, the spirit practical of those Americans!—Paris paper.

Pooleman Jas. Edgar, was shot and perhaps fatally wounded, by a burglar in Newport.

When Berson, the Lieutenant-General of artillery, gave his coffee plant to the Jardin des Plantes, in the last century, he little dreamed that 600,000,000 pounds of the fruit would be one day produced from plantations which all had their origin in the sample given by him to the Paris museum, of which a shoot was carried to the West Indies. Nor might his surprise have been less real had he been told that at no very distant date as much as 5,000,000,000 francs' worth of the beverage made from the berry would be sold at the cafes of the boulevard, and that in 1878 the estimated production of coffee throughout the entire world would be set down at 1,080,000,000 pounds.

Opposed to Strong Drink.

"Parker's Tonic is delicious to the palate; it invigorates, but does not promote a love for strong drink; it purges the blood, thus curing kidney, liver and lung troubles, and rheumatism. It should be kept in every home." G. H. Sherman, photographer, Elgin, Ill. Place it in yours. 93 2t

THE NEXT HOUSE.

[From the Missouri Republican]

The Republicans for a time hoped to find in a Republican house in the next (Forty-ninth) Congress a compensation for their loss of the Presidency. But even this is denied them. The house in the next Congress will be Democratic—not as strongly as the present one, but strong enough for the work before it.

It was in 1874 that the Democrats began to meet with success in their Congressional contests. In that year they regained the house of representatives, and repeated the achievement in 1876, 1878 and 1882 and they have repeated it again in 1884. This control of the popular branch of Congress had the effect of curbing the dominant party, mitigating its harsh sectional policy, and tempering even Republican rule with gentleness and conservatism.

It is gratifying to know that the first Democratic President since the days of Buchanan will, when he comes into office, find a house to support him. The Senate will be Republican, but with a wise and patriotic administration to command the Democratic policy to the country, even the Senate will, before the close of Cleveland's term, be changed and the Democratic rule be made complete.

Epithelioma or Skin Cancer.

This form of cancer is the most prevalent type, and is in many cases fatal, as it gradually eats away until it destroys life. It would seem that Swift's Specific is indeed a specific for this cancer.

Mrs. K. A. Armstrong, Verona, Miss., writes under date of May 16, 1884: "After taking six bottles of Swift's Specific the cancer is healing; is greatly reduced in size. It now gives me no pain, and my general health has so much improved that I am able to be up and attend to my household duties—something I had not been able to do in several years. I feel that it will cure me."

Mr. M. N. Clayton, of Red Clay, Ga., writes under date of May 10th: "Mr. Naves, who had such a terrible cancer on his face, is about well. New skin has grown all over his face, and looks almost as well as I ever did, and I would like some of your company to see him."

Mrs. J. B. Hunter, of North Manchester, Ind., writes under date of May 1st: "The lady with cancer is improving right along. The Specific increased the discharge for the first few days, but the soreness is gone and she is much better."

Mrs. W. H. Route, of Gordonsville, Va., writes under date of May 11, 1884: "I am much improved. The cancer is better; does not pain me at all. It is a wonderful cure for me."

Mr. James E. Ligon, of Michoud Ferry, Va., writes, under date of May 19, 1884: "My condition is greatly improved; my general health is good; my appetite good; cancer decidedly better, and has begun to heal nicely. How can I ever repay you?"

Mr. J. S. Rhodes, of Mill River, N. C., writes, under date of May 10, 1884: "My mother has been using Swift's Specific about two weeks, and is improving. The cancer is not now painful and is healing."

Mr. T. J. Teate, of Wacissa, Fla., writes, under date of May 2, 1884: "Swift's Specific has cured a cancer on my face, and has almost made a young man of me."

Mr. E. Thuley, of Burr Mill, Va., writes, May 1, 1884: "My wife has taken four bottles of Swift's Specific for a cancer, and has improved wonderfully. I shall keep it up; have no doubt it will cure her."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

The SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., 159 W. 23d St., and 1205 Chestnut St., Phila. 93 2t

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc.

"Rough on Rats."

Kills out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, etc. in all parts of the house.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for "Rough on Corns," for Corns, blisters, etc. in all parts of the foot.

"Rough on Pain." For Rheumatism, Stiffening, Improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

"Well's Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility, etc.

Whooping Cough, and the many throat affections of children, promptly, pleasantly and safely relieved by "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c. Halsam, 25c.

Mothers. If you are falling, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Well's Health Renewer." 25c. Druggists.

Life Preserver. If you are losing your grip on life, try "Well's Health Renewer." Goes direct to work spots.

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Face-ache, ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15c and 25c.

Pretty Women. Ladies who would retain freshness and vitality. Don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

Catarrhal Throat Affections, Hoarseness, Irritating Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, cured by "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

"Rough on Itch." Cures humors, eruptions, ring-worms, tetter, salt rheum, frost-bite, chilblains.

The Hope of the Nation. Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Well's Health Renewer."

Wide Awake. Strongly refreshing, invigorating, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

"Rough on Pain." For Rheumatism, Stiffening, Improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

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Send to it, the only medicine that cures malaria, fever, ague, chills, etc. Sold by all druggists.

AMITAHU, Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures Coughs, Sore Throat, full lungs, 50c. per bottle, cost, free.

HEALTH, BEAUTY, LONGEVITY. 25c. per bottle. In cloth and paper binding. 50c. per bottle. In cloth and paper binding. 50c. per bottle. In cloth and paper binding.

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\$11,950 IN CASH GIVEN AWAY

ATTENTION, SMOKERS!

All contestants for the \$11,950 prize offered by Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co. must describe the following conditions on the back of the premium to be awarded. All tags must bear the original Bull Durham label, and be received by the company. The tags must be sent in a package with name and address of sender, and number of tags contained plainly marked on the outside. Changes must be prepaid. Contest closes November 30th. All packages should be forwarded December 1st, and must reach us at Durham not later than December 15th. No matter where you reside, send your package, and we will mail you a copy of the rules, and state the number of bags sent. Names of successful contestants, with number of bags returned, will be published. See 22 in Bull Durham label. New York Herald, Publisher. Times, Publisher. New York Times, Publisher. New Orleans Times, Publisher. Cincinnati Enquirer, Publisher. Chicago Daily News, Publisher. San Francisco Chronicle, Publisher. Address: BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO., Durham, N.C. Every genuine package has picture of Bull Durham on it. See our next announcement.

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